

Master *Headstrong* stood reproved; but, as usual, did not choose to confess his error, though he resolved to be a little more careful for the future; and when he saw *Misery* attempting rugged ways and stumbling at every step, could not help wondering at himself, for thinking him a proper person to direct the road to Happiness.

For some time this consideration had a strong effect upon our traveller; he did not go on so fast; he sometimes waited for *Mis-*

*Patient*

*Patient*, and kept his eye frequently fixed upon *Reason*. While he proceeded in this manner, all things went right, and he even came within view of the beautiful rising hills of the country, before he thought entirely to trust to himself as he had formerly done. But now he began to be almost mad with joy. "I see the promised Land,"

said he—"If *Hope* deluded *Misery*

"she has not deluded me—"

"path is plain, and in a little

"time, without either waiting

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